

COLLEGE CHEER

GET A HEALTHFUL HOBBY — PLAY SOME GAME.

VOL. XII.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1920.

NO. 11.

Alumni Day a Gala Day

BASEBALL GAME AND TURNER EXHIBITION ARE FEATURES

Bringing with it a change in the weather, and putting St. Joseph's in holiday attire, Alumni Day will long be remembered as the outstanding feature of the school year. The Alumni attended in force, their baseball team played ours, and finally the Turners topped off the day with a snappy, sparkling exhibition of gymnastics. Never did enthusiasm rise to a higher pitch or St. Joseph's prove itself a better entertainer, than on this Alumni Day.

The weather was with us and helped a great deal to make the day a success. Tuesday night was balmy, enabling one to enjoy a walk around the grounds, with feet in step to the strains of the band and hobnobbing with the old boys, fellows that used to belong to our crowd. Then came Wednesday morning, with the sun shining for the first time in four days, and a soft breeze playing over the fields. Everybody was in a happy and receptive mood that morning, the weather was contagious. A free day with the pleasing prospect of a ball game in the afternoon and a pippin of a program in the evening is enough to make anybody snappy. At ten o'clock the Alumni held their meeting, and at one they staged their annual banquet. Followed,

The Game

The game was particularly interesting to us, because we wanted to avenge last year's defeat and because we wanted to get a line on our team. We couldn't beat the Alumni, but we made them work for their runs, and if we had played the full nine innings instead of the seven, we would most probably have nosed out the Alumni, for Father Spornhauer was rather weak toward the end, barely managing to pull the game out of the fire. We know from this game that we have a good team, strong in every department, that can be counted on to turn in a good number of victories during the season.

The game was a pitchers' battle throughout. Harber had no less than ten strike-outs, and allowed but four hits. Father Spornhauer seems to have retained all the speed and cunning of former years, allowing only three hits and striking out ten men. Both pitchers were rather wild at times, but almost always got out of a pinch, unless those back of them committed a blunder. Harber's backing was a little more erratic than that of his opponent, due probably, to lack of practice.

(Continued on page two, Col. 1.)

C. L. S. DOES IT AGAIN

The C. L. S. was again the source of a little fun and amusement on Sunday, April 18th. To accentuate the funny part of the program is not to miss its real character very far, although there were numbers of a more edifying nature on the bill. Mr. Depweg delivered an oration "The Character of Washington." His work was notable for earnestness and sincere effort at forcible delivery. As a kind of unintentional thrust of rivalry at the Hot-foot-Jakes duet, Mr. Boehnlein and Boeckman — the alliteration sounds dramatic — appeared in a one act piece of nonsense. Both did their parts well, including Mr. Riley whom they also did in the concluding stanza.

A debate is usually a very dry form of entertainment but in the case of Messrs. Gaul and Meyer, pitted against each other on the question of armed intervention in Mexico, there is no complaint in that direction. Negative and affirmative both succeeded admirably in injecting the necessary life and energy into their write-ups to hold the interest of the audience, without losing, however, in conviction and force of argument. The decision of the judges handed the palm of victory to Mr. Gaul.

And then the unspeakable thing was done: — Messrs. Hennes, Hession and Schmidt perpetrated a farce which will be remembered in the preface to the College rogues' gallery if any such thing should ever become necessary. The little play was called "The Little Red Mare," and the little red mare was called Nellie; but there was another Nellie among the dramatis personae who did not actually appear. The chief interest of the farce, of course, lay in thinking of only one Nellie at a time. A full Chorus and a Jazz band would have given the play a few becoming decorations. However, the participants must be given credit for their acting. Mr. Hennes is another "find" in the line of Yankee rustics; Mr. Hession can look very fierce at will, and Simeon Schmidt, with the necessary duds, would have no trouble in knocking them all cold.

Music was furnished by the College Orchestra. The first musical number was an overture "Rolando," an original composition by Professor Toner. The applause this selection received should leave no doubt as to the general appreciation of the Professor's work here.

C. L. S. Private Program.

The Columbians presented another private entertainment on Sunday, April 11th. Like all previous performances, it was interesting without

possessing any singular characteristics. Private programs cannot be expected to hand out different treats upon every occasion. The interest lies chiefly in the individual work of the participants. In the program of April 11, Messrs. Lamour, O'Connell and O'Brien should be mentioned for their sincere efforts. Mr. Fehrenbacher's songs were very much appreciated. It seems we are blessed with an unusual number of willing choristers this year. We want them on every program. A debate between Mr. Wellman and Mr. O'Brien, won by the latter, was the concluding number. Music was furnished by the C. L. S. orchestra.

ST. JOE FEATURES IN RUNAWAY, 19 -- 8.

Sunday, April 25, 1920. — Eddie Purcell, of late mention on the Alumni team, brought the Keotas Club, a set of worthy Irishmen, down from Chicago to meet our boys in a baseball game.

In spite of the fact that the game was one-sided throughout, the Varsity showed some points of strength which they did not altogether exhibit in last Wednesday's game. With many errors and a number of hits to the credit of both teams, it is fair to say that the victory was won by the general teamwork of the Varsity. Wellman in the outfield, and La Mere at short-stop did excellent work. Fehrenbacher and Hession, the battery for St. Joe, were in good form, though they will show up to better advantage after a little more work together.

The first inning ran as follows:—

Keotas: Healy out at first on La Mere's peg, Taffe followed suit, E. Murphy struck out.

St. Joe: Maloney struck out, Arnold safe at first on ground ball, Lachmeier followed with a two base hit. Arnold and Lachmeier came in on Wellman's double. Scheidler caught out on infield fly, La Mere passed. Score 2-- 0.

This might be considered as an ideal inning. The rest of the game was a complete runaway for St. Joe. Only in the last few innings of play after Fehrenbacher had left the box, did the Chicago boys manage to push a few men across the plate.

KEOTAS		ST. JOE
O'Connell	P.	Fehrenbacher, Wellman
E. Murphy	C.	Hession-Kaspar
Purcell	S. S.	La Mere
E. Barret	1st b.	Lachmeier
L. Barret	2nd b.	Maloney
Shinese	3rd b.	Rose
Taffe	r. f.	Wellman
F. Murphy	c. f.	Scheidler
Healy	l. f.	Arnold

Baseball Game and Turner Exhibition, Cont. from p. 1.

Harber and Scheidler were our heroes, the former for pitching, the latter for swatting. Scheidler pounded a two bagger to center in the fifth inning, but was stranded as La Mere and Hession struck out. Kahle, after some wild base-running in the seventh, scored our second run. Fehrenbacher, in the second inning beat

out a hit, stole second, took third and stole home for our first tally. For the Alumni the battery, Fathers Spornhauer and Koenn, were the whole works. Father Spornhauer pitched a heady game and scored the winning run. Father Koenn starred both on the defense and on the offense, catching a great game, and scoring the Alumni's other runs. Taken as a whole, the game was a good one to watch, except that heavy hitting was not especially noticeable.

Before the game the excitement was intense. The student body never backed up the Varsity in better fashion than last Wednesday. The Smoking Club's Jazz Band, with a variety of pots and pans, and a generous assortment of tin cans played throughout the game. Some of the Alumni were bent on making bets, but some real money cooled their ardor. Both teams were out for blood, and everybody was aware of the fact. The game ended 3--2 in favor of the Alumni.

In the evening the Turners presented their program, full of gymnastic stunts, old and new, as interesting as any of the previous performances, reserving all the old favorite tricks, and bringing in several new ones which seem destined for success. The work was an example of steady brain and hand, for muscle alone could not pull off some of these tricks. The verses of the Turner Poster best express the nature of their work.

"Watch our jumps and tricks,
On the horse that never kicks,
We also use the parallel,
On single bar our work is swell.

Ah, how we tumble;
And ladders we scale;
In pyramid building
We never do fail."

One most enjoyable feature of the evening, a new one, was the boxing match between Jack Dempsy, alias Speed Donnelly, and Georges Carpentier, alias Abe Stock. As was only right and just, George had to be knocked out by the demon Jack, but he certainly provided some rough going for the Champ.

On the horizontal bar Pop Greenwell demonstrated to everybody's satisfaction that he was the king of them all in this section; Reed showed a good advantage on the parallels; Regnier was handicapped by injuries, but showed, in his three man act with Walters and Fitzpatrick that you can't stop a good man; Red Hutchins, both as referee and wire walker, drew the applause of the crowd. Westhoven was a bright star in almost every department. But these men are only a few of the deserving ones; for every man in the Turners is worthy of praise for his share in the work, the organization of which is due almost entirely to the efforts of the Rev. Director, who has brought Turning to the fore at St. Joe.

That was Alumni Day, and we shall indeed "stand a tiptoe when this day is named," for it was a day of genuine pleasure. Besides, another free day followed, as great a success in its way as the preceeding day. Those two days certainly produced "that grand and glorious feeling."

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STAFF

CARL GAUL, Editor-in-chief,
LEO PURSLEY, Associate Editor,
FRANCIS WEISS, Associate Editor,
JAMES O'BRIEN, Manager.

"WE KNOCK TO BOOST"

ADDRESS

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

Wednesday, April 28, 1920.

EDITORIALS.

We have chewed the rag with you in this column before. You are probably used to it by this time. But, seriously, if we are to harp at all what is more to our taste than the crown of our interests — the individual student. In a certain sense, he is a provincial nuisance cherishing, perhaps, the fond hope of some day becoming a universal blessing. Considered in the dry light of prose, he is a member of a body of boys, and young men, sent to an institution whose business is the dispensation of knowledge, the inculcation of moral principle, and the moulding of character. In a more romantic sense, he is an adventurer in the society of men, just "stepping out" for his share of the world's sunshine and rain. The give and take that goes on between him and his fellow students is to constitute in a large degree the happiness or the unendurableness of his lot. Personality is to count; and if he be not a consummate bonehead he will learn naturally just how to roll down the jagged points in his nature and develop his more angelic possibilities. As realities accumulate, and become more depressing, he will raise a lusty right foot against authority, and his foot will stick, like the foolish little rabbit's in the sides of the tar-baby. Why not! There are means of getting loose again, and those means will be forthcoming without request. But that is only one side of it. The student, recognizing the severity of that word "studeo", will apply himself in new fields of learning. The names that appeared at the bottom of certain selections in the "Fourth Reader" will become real human beings to him, the pursuit of literature will not seem so much a favorite diversion of milk-sops and mollycoddles, and, all things considered, the student will get some faint idea that after all intellectual pleasure is of a very high order.

Now, reviewing the above, you will perhaps notice that we have made our individual student somewhat ideal. But then, you know, we need a standard. And if you say: Why all the bosh on students, well, you may find your answer in the

great number of us, who are yet so supremely unconscious of the fact that we are students.

— O —

Shakespeare, you remember, once said an awful thing about the man that "hath no music in his soul." It is hard to say how many of us have it in our souls, but assuredly too few of us have it in our hands, on our lips, or just wherever our choice of instrument is an agency in producing it. If we should take each student separately and test not merely his knowledge of scales and tones and semitones, but his bare ability to carry a simple melody, we wonder what sort of result would result. We probably inherit this indifference to music from our nation of business and finance, or more probably it begins in the cradle, since nursery maids are not always prima donnas, and the mother's lullaby is now superseded by the mother's meeting. But in our own case, we realize the scarcity of material for band and orchestra, and we must do something to remedy the situation. Music demands response, and for that reason, it is hard to make it more interesting, more appealing to you, than it substantially is. It cannot, for various reasons, be included in the regular curriculum. So the efforts must be voluntary, dependent entirely on your good will and your ambition to acquire some little skill on a chosen instrument. You know how our band and orchestra subsist — on the patient toil of the director rounding into presentable form a lot of unwieldy amateur material. Out of twenty students there is hardly one who has made any advancement in music, who might be counted on as a reliable man in band or orchestra. We hope that future years will see more interest displayed in this line, more active membership in our musical organizations. You cannot take the music out of college and expect the place to be tolerable.

— O —

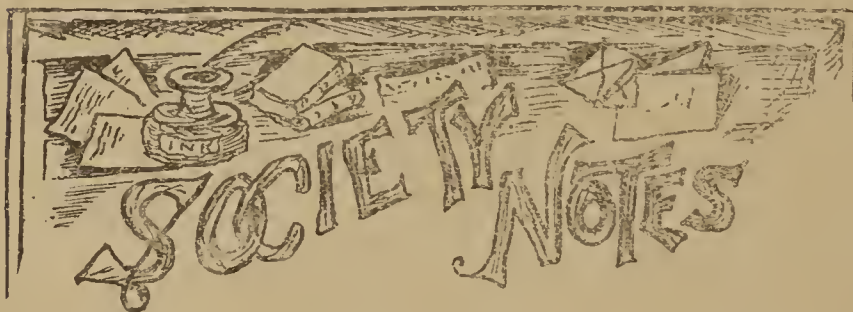
"Life is what you make it." An old statement, but true. Life is not all optimism even if we try hard to smile all the while. There come gloomy moments, times of ill luck, bad news, tough lines. But still, life is what we make it, and it is sometimes hard to be what you are. Yet, whatever turn things may take, life is always worth living. From blind Homer down to consumptive Keats and sickly Stevenson there have been men who thought life very precious and left to us heritages of their yet more precious doing. That is the word: let us do, let us act — this is the call of life and its only meaning. Life is a strange complexity of circumstance and opportunity. Both are grand factors in living. Let us do the best in every circumstance, let us make the most of every opportunity. For at least once in every man's life comes the favorable circumstance or the grand opportunity. Then, later on, when perhaps they come not, we who have acted shall be that much ahead in the great game of life. We shall have stored up points for some relapse or unexpected trick in this greatest of all games. Wonder not how the days fly; but look to it they pass well spent, each day chalking up another score in your favor.

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The Executive Committee of the Newman Club met Monday evening, April 19th, to arrange for a public program to be given on Monday, May 2.

* * * * *

The C. L. S. met Sunday morning. The feature of the session was the critic's report, lauded by Mr. Honan as the most interesting criticism he has ever heard in the C. L. S. A motion was also made to hold a little smoker after the last meeting of the scholastic year, which will be held next Sunday. The motion carried. Through the clemency of Mr. Honan, the quiz in Parliamentary Law was dispensed with.

— O —

Inferno Studentium.

CANTO I.

On the highway of this our college life,
In tangled maze of trigonometry
I lost me once upon a sleepy eve
All on a sombre winter Monday blue.
And to the day's full drowsiness, myself
I gave till tap of bell at 4:20.

A vision spread
Now blurred, now clear, till woods from it dull loomed.
There path and air both lured my aimless feet.
Down dromedary hills, thru vales, o'er brooks
And rocks in rough descent by bridges rude
I went; till rapider descent one deeper dell revealed,
Which gaped as tho surprised I sudden came.
Such rock-strewn vales in travel often I
Have seen: where brown Sandusky's browner banks
With weeds and bushes loosely clad, and trees

That lonesome sigh thru lonely leaves, unseen,
Unsung, save by the river's muddy lay.

CANTO II.

Four steps or so I downward made
Into the vale, when hummed notes drop upon
Mine ear. In such a spot nor thought nor wished
I any soul to find. The voice it hushed
My grating steps, my grating steps the voice.
I further tried my way; and soon, ensconced
Within a nature's nook, a man I spied
'Mong pencils, rulers, pens, ink, copy-books,
Erasers, compasses in great amounts.
With pinch of snuff, he left his class-roomed home
On seeing me and said: "Art come at last?
Then haste, who comest scholar eminent
From earth (for none save such pass here alive)
And let us to our purpose high and full."

Such scarce expected speech
From him astonished me, as once the words
Of Caesar to his boatmen three. With smile
And word he satisfied my puzzled look:
"Be not alarmed, tho puzzled still remain.
Know thou that in the Vale of Studies art
Thou come, with mission blessed to fulfill.
And know that he am I who furnish all
Who pass this way, with what they need
Of stationery for Eternity.
Not thou who comest here in mortal coil
The first, need be with fear, but I. For now
My class-room dwelling must I leave with this
Yclept great Study-dell, and in my charge,
As Stationer for shade that passeth here.
My only fear, lest student-spirits new
Made loose from earthly toil, should raid my stock;
For this is passage sole 'twixt busy earth
And droning realm of Student-hell.
Still, now of this no more. To tread with thee
Thru Student-doom and be remembered long, —
(So long as thy grand message ring above
On earth to Students living and to come)
Is fifty-fold reward; and for my store,
Two flaming guards from Student-hell I'll ask
Of Ducny, — he who holds the woeful wand
Of Students' miseries. But hasten we;
Thou camest late, and time has slipped us fast.
To-morrow's sun must see us journeying

Thru Circle A. Take up thy friendly steps
From mine. Already Venus warns of night
Whose darker hand can help impede our way."

Cantos III. & IV in next issue.)

The "H. C. G."

All this palav'ring 'bout the H. C. L.
Is too darn — well,
It's no use saying what I want to say
'Cause it doesn't matter anyway.
But one thing I would say: The H. C. L.
Has nothing on the High Cost
Of Graduation Day!
And it's awful strange to me
Just how they skipped the H. C. G.
It tests your purse,
It prys your brain;
Unstrings your nerves;
On all your head and all it holds
It's sure the biggest, grandest strain.
Wan At Nose.

That Sixth Class.

We've struggled through our college days.
From class to class we've gone,
And now before life's surging sea
We stand and greet the dawn;—

"O'Brien of the bitter deep,
O may you never Gaul us,
Tho Weiss we are, we know not when
Some evil may befall us.

"These walls no more shall Harber us,
The world O'Conner faces,
But in its gaze never Flynn--ch
Whatever be our graces.

"Our names may sound abroad the earth
And Kammer--a men pursue us.
But if we sink not in the Meyer
We'll always get what's due us.

"A narrow Schaefer too may come
Most any day to fright us,
And many a Wolfe in lambkin's wool
Will do his best to bite us.

"But we will; cry Huber--ly crook,
You Feltes if you'd get us,
But we are Heiman this time, boy,
Your stacking couldn't set us."

Dr Edward W. White and wife, former physical director of the Chicago I. A. C., and Bro. Ferdinand, formerly student Joseph Smith of St. Joe, were guests of Father Scheidler last Sunday.

Mr. Bonvouloir of Chicago Heights spent Sunday with his son.

Fr. Ildephonse has been presented with a classy Band leader's uniform, of red cloth, trimmed in black and yellow braid. With the other uniforms just a shade brighter green we would have the Christmas spirit with us all the year.



Bruce, the big watch dog we reviewed some time ago is showing us that he was never destined for the bright lights. It was with much difficulty that the clowns in the Turner program managed to coax him across the stage last Wednesday night.

The second Turner Exhibition, Sunday night, was in every way as successful as the performance given last Wednesday. Many visitors and residents of town were out to attend the program. All seemed well pleased with the entertainment. This marks the close of the Turners' work this year. We want them to know that it has been appreciated.

Ideas — Fixed and Floating.

Bite off more than you can chew — then chew it.
Mark off more than you can do — then do it.
Hitch your wagon to a star —
Keep your seat — and there you are.

The thing that makes college life disagreeable to some, is the clash between the folly of the many and the wisdom of the few.

Let every man in a community live always up to the best he knows. For he can never tell at what hour he may be chosen for leadership.

Let us always consider the good that has come to us from association with men — and it will be easy to excuse the wrong they do us.

It is a great man who accepts the lemons that fate passes out to him and uses them to start a lemonade stand.

Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday, and see! the hurtful thing did not happen at all.

Probably a False Note.

"That tenor of ours has a marvelous voice. He can hold one of his notes for half a minute."

"That's nothing. I held one of his notes for two years.

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One on Missouri

While a traveling man was waiting for an opportunity to show his samples to a merchant in Saxton, Mo., a customer came in and bought a couple of nightshirts. Afterwards a long, lank lumber man, with his trousers stuffed in his boots said to the merchant:

"What was them 'ere that feller bot?"

"Nightshirts. Can I sell you one or two?"

"Naup, I reckon not," said the Missourian, "I don't set around much o'nights."

Paving the Way.

An Irishman was engaged at stone-breaking on the roadside, but, not being used to the work, did not make much progress. A friend, who chanced to pass by as Pat was vigorously be-laboring a large stone, tried to show him the right way. Taking the hammer from him, he broke the stone with ease.

Said Pat: "Sure now, and it be easy for ye to break the stone afther I have been softening it for the last half-hour."

Recruit: "Remember last night when the skipper ordered all hands on deck?"

Old Sailor: "Yeh."

Recruit: "Well, I put my hands on deck and some son-of-a-gun stepped on 'em."

The Welsh are a great people. In addition to Lloyd George they have a town named Lanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerpwllllandypilwgogo. Looks like a hundred car freight train loaded with farm machinery.

The lure of the city has drawn so many New Yorkers from rural life as to leave vacant 24,000 farm houses in that state alone. These farmers are now all trying to rent city flats.

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Next, it is to be shark skin shoes. A good, healthy shark has a hide on him from ten to forty feet square, which is just as soft as cowhide, so we are told, will wear longer and can be made into shoes at half the present price of shoe leather. Well, good luck to the sharks. May their number multiply and their skins grow thick.

The horrendous thought occurs that Russia was the first nation to adopt prohibition. And now look at the bloomin' thing.

A Nut.

"When you've bats in your belfry that flut"
"When your brain box works in a rut."
"When there's nobody home
In the top of your dome"
"Then your head's not a head, it's a nut."

Lack of Bait.

Wonder what Noah used for bait when he went fishing off the ark. It is said he only had two worms.

Agriculture.

Donnelly: — My, Short, what is that disgusting odor coming from yon field?
Short — Oh, that's fertilizer.
Donnelly — For land's sake!
Short — Sure.

The Way It Feels.

Dentist — "Thought you said this tooth hadn't been filled before?"
Patient — (feebly) "No, it hasn't."
Dentist — "Well, there are traces of gold on my instrument."
Patient — "Perhaps you've struck my back collar button."

"Quite Correct."

Prof — "Now James, what plants flourish in excessive heat?"
Gallagher — "Ice Plants."

We Never Thought of This One Before.

Laux says one of the reasons why Fred Stock is so fat is, because he lives in a well stocked house.

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